THE

Poetical Magazine,

SECOND NUMBER,

June, 1809.

——————poetica surgit
Tempestas.————— JUVENAL.
" The poetic Storm arises."

THE MANSION-HOUSE MONITOR.

(*Concluded from p.* 36.)

THRICE-venerable ghost! his beard of snow
Hung from his chin a full cloth-yard below,
A little frizzled, and a trifle curl'd,
A charming phantom from the other world!
Lo! the musicians, whom my Lord appointed
Their pretty elbows all appear'd disjointed;
Arms were unnerv'd, wide ev'ry mouth was gaping,
And their loose bows beyond the bridge got scraping;
This movement false produc'd a din so fell,
It bade defiance to the noise in hell.
At length the angry phantom turn'd around,
And seem'd distracted with the squeaking sound:
He waved his hand; accordant to his wish,
The instruments became as mute as fish;—
Then gliding to the table, there he stood,
And with a grin survey'd the trembling brood:—
One turtle-stuffing wretch among the group
Was cramming in large basons of the soup.

Nor heeded he the gen'ral mighty crash,
But thrust his weapons in the calipash;
And, having finish'd that, pray what did he?
Why then he fell upon the calipee.—
"Stop, bloated wretch!" at length the phantom cried;
The Alderman then stared and turn'd aside,
Gaz'd for a moment with a wond'ring eye,
Then drew his knife athwart a pigeon-pie;
But, ere his blade could penetrate the crust,
The pigeons vanish'd, and the pie was dust!
Not more confounded look'd that parent dear,
When Jehu's murm'ring voice assailed her ear,
And briefly told, in strains not over-mild,
Some slight particulars about her child.—
Now you must know this accident befell
About the neighbourhood of fam'd Pall-Mall.
This parent had a daughter chaste and good,
(At least so ev'ry body understood,)
As prudent as Minerva thought to be;
But, ah! our hopes are full as frail as we!
One afternoon went forth this lady fair,
On purpose, as she said, to take the air;
Alone she went, but did not so come back,—
A gentle swain conveyed her in a hack.
They both alighted, when they were arriv'd,
A few short steps from where the lady lived;
Soft was their parting in the open street,
The ardent lover hoped they soon might meet,
Press'd into Jehu's hand a shilling fare,
Which made the modest hackney-coachman stare,
Then (if for want of cash I cannot say)
The smirking puppy slily slunk away;
But honest Jehu, wanting sixpence more,
Accompanied our damsel to her door.—
The prudent mother, anxious, full of fears,
Springs to the door when Betsey's knock she hears:

Jehu stepp'd up; says he, and touch'd his hat,
" I'll have my fare from somebody, that's flat:
" Madam, another sixpence is my due;
" The gentleman won't pay me, pray will you?
" For ma'am," says he, " I brought 'em, you must know,
" From that great house in —— street Soho!!!"
A thunder-clap could operate no more,
They dragg'd the fainting mother from the door!
Seduction stalks abroad, and loudly glories,
Et tempora mutantur atque mores!!

Thus with the rest *he* disappointment shar'd,
(Our Alderman I mean,) but ill prepar'd;
With open mouths and steady anxious gaze,
Each one attended with increas'd amaze;
Rapt in surprize no mortal can express
They listen'd while he open'd this address:—
" Think not, because from Tartarus I come,
" Sad was my life, or wretched is my doom;
" I prefac'd this my coming with effect,
" To let you know what treatment to expect.
" Thrice did I reign this honour'd city's chief,
" And, if historians merit your belief,
" I govern'd well, did luxury disdain,
" And, sought no pleasure where th' effect was pain.
" Nature must thrive; I ate my food, 'tis true;
" But then I ate it plain, and so may you.
" Think you that this, which gluttons turtle call,
" Was known within my may'ralty at all?
" Or do you fancy, in the reign of *Bess*,
" Folk ever dined on such a heath'nish mess?
" But I forewarn you, hear me, one and all,
" Your bloated bodies into dust will fall;
" Long ere your term of life is fairly out,
" Loathsome disease will put you to the rout,

" Will cow your spirits, O! ye glutt'ning blades,
" And send you all, while eating, to the shades:
" But mark me now; attend, behold, and see
" The dire effects of baneful luxury!"
The pealing thunder now begins to growl,
And whistling winds around the building howl;
Tempests arise, the Mansion-house is shook,
And Boreas grumbles bass along Walbrook.
The hoary phantom slowly waved his hand,
A grisly spectre rose at his command;
Loathsome and dreadful was the form he bore,—
A filthy corse, with blotches covered o'er;
His ferret eyes far sunk within his head,
Distilling rheum, were of a scarlet red;
His bony gums of flesh were wholly void,
Worn down with use, so constantly employ'd;
The teeth he had were rotten to the core,
Which, had he lived, could masticate no more;
Down from his legs, which shanks we fitly call,
The gangren'd flesh in rotten lumps did fall;
A purple colour overspread his face,
And his rank breath infected all the place.
On ev'ry visage was alarm express'd,
Whom, seeing thus, Fitzalwine's Ghost address'd:—
" Thus shall ye be, unless with conduct true
" Ye guide your appetites, ye glutt'ning crew!
" Unless, restrain'd by Nature's golden rule,
" Your tutor Prudence, Temperance your school,
" No more ye give your wayward passions sway,
" But curb your gluttony while yet you may,
" Depart." The spectre vanished. " Now be wise,
" And learn what ills from luxury arise:
" No more I come, a warning to this race;
" No more I visit such a lawless place:
" I go; Fitzalwine warns you ere too late,
" Bids you repent, and tremble at your fate.

" Now sleep shall hold you in a death-like thrall,
" Till wond'ring servitors shall force the hall—
" Till Sol returning shall illume the sphere,
" And his bright beams shall dissipate your fear !"
He said : the thunder peals, the ghost ascends,
And to the vaulted roof his hand extends ;
The lofty roof divides, Fitzalwine flies,
And hastens to his *mansion* in the skies ;
While Morpheus instantly supplies his place,
And shakes his poppies over ev'ry face.

The morning dawns, when, freed from Magic's thrall,
The scamp'ring waiters hasten to the hall ;
The door quite disobedient to their knocks,
They quickly had recourse to picking locks :
This fail'd : the waiters waited now no more,
But without ceremony burst the door,
And found the congregation in a snore !
To luxury did Rome her ruin owe,
And such a cause was Persia's overthrow ;
In vain they rallied their deserted force,
To stem the torrent, and to stop its course ;
Vain were their feeble efforts to withstand
The savage valour of a hardy band :
They saw, and trembled, for they saw too late,
The total downfal of each fertile state ;
In seas of faction were their empires tost,
Till both at length were conquer'd and were lost !
Shall Britain to destruction thus be hurl'd,
The pride, the wonder, of the modern world ?
Shall Albion's navy, (mistress of the main,)
Unnerv'd by luxury, forget to reign ?
Forbid it, Heav'n ! grant gluttony may cease,
And Freedom flourish in this Isle of Peace !

August 4, 1808. T. W.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[*Continued from p.* 10.]

THE farewell ceremony o'er,
Madam went in and bang'd the door:
No woful tear bedew'd her eye,
Nor did she heave a single sigh;
But soon began her daily trade,
To chide the man and scold the maid;
While Syntax, with his scheme besotted,
Along the village gently trotted.
The folks, on daily labour bent,
Whistled and carrol'd as they went;
But, as the Doctor pass'd along,
Bow'd down their heads, and ceas'd their song:
He gravely nodded to the people,—
And then look'd upwards to the steeple;
And thus, in mutt'ring tones, express'd
The disappointments of his breast:—
" That thankless parent, Mother Church,
" Has ever left me in the lurch;
" And, while so many fools are seen
" To strut a Rector or a Dean,
" Who live in ease, and find good cheer
" On ev'ry day of ev'ry year,
" So small her share of true discerning,
" She turn'd her back on all my learning.
" I in her vineyard labour'd hard,
" And what has been my poor reward?
" I dug the ground, while some rich Vicar
" Press'd the ripe grape, and drank the liquor;
" I fed the flock, while others ate
" The mutton's nice delicious meat;
" I've kept the hive, and made the honey,
" While the drones pocket all the money.

" But now, on better things intent,
" On far more grateful labours bent,
" New prospects open to my view,
" So, thankless Mother Church, adieu!"
Thus having said his angry say,
Syntax proceeded on his way.

The morning lark ascends on high,
And with its music greets the sky;
The blackbird whistles, and the thrush
Warbles his wild notes in the bush;
While ev'ry hedge and ev'ry tree
Resounds with vocal minstrelsy:
But Syntax, rapt in thought profound,
Is deaf to each enliv'ning sound;
Revolving many a golden scheme,
And yielding to the pleasing dream,
The reins hung loosely from his hand,
While Grizzle, senseless of command,
Unguided pac'd the road along,
Nor knew if it were right or wrong.
In the deep vale, and up the hill,
By roaring stream and tinkling rill,
Grizzle her thoughtful master bore,
Who, counting future treasures o'er,
And, on his weighty projects bent,
Observ'd not whither Grizzle went.
And thus did Fancy's soothing pow'r
Cheat him of many a fleeting hour;
Nor did he know the pacing Sun
Had half his daily circuit run.
Sweet airy sprite, that can bestow
A pleasing respite to our woe,
That can corroding care beguile,
And make the woe-worn face to smile.
But ah! too soon the vision passes,
Confounded by a pack of asses!

The donkies bray'd; and lo! the sound
Awak'd him from his thought profound;
And, as he star'd, and look'd around,
He said,—or else he seem'd to say,—
" I find that I have lost my way.
" Oh! what a wide expanse I see,
" Without a wood, without a tree;
" No one's at hand, no house is near,
" To tell the way, or give good cheer;
" For now a sign would be a treat,
" To tell us we might drink and eat:
" But sure there is not in my sight
" The name of any living wight;
" For all around upon this common
" I neither see or man or woman:
" No dogs to bark, no cocks to crow,
" No sheep to bleat, no herds to low;
" And if these asses did not bray,
" And thus some signs of life betray,
" I well might think that I were hurl'd
" Into some sad unpeopled world.
" How could I come, misguided wretch!
" To where I cannot make a sketch?"
Thus, as he ponder'd what to do,
A guide-post rose within his view;
And, when the pleasing shape he spied,
He prick'd his steed, and thither hied;
But some unheeding senseless wight,
Who to fair learning ow'd a spite,
Had ev'ry letter'd mark defac'd,
Which once its sev'ral pointers grac'd.
The mangled post thus long had stood,
An uninforming piece of wood;
Like other guides, as some folks say,
Who neither lead, nor point the way.
The Sun, as hot as he was bright,
Had got to his meridian height;

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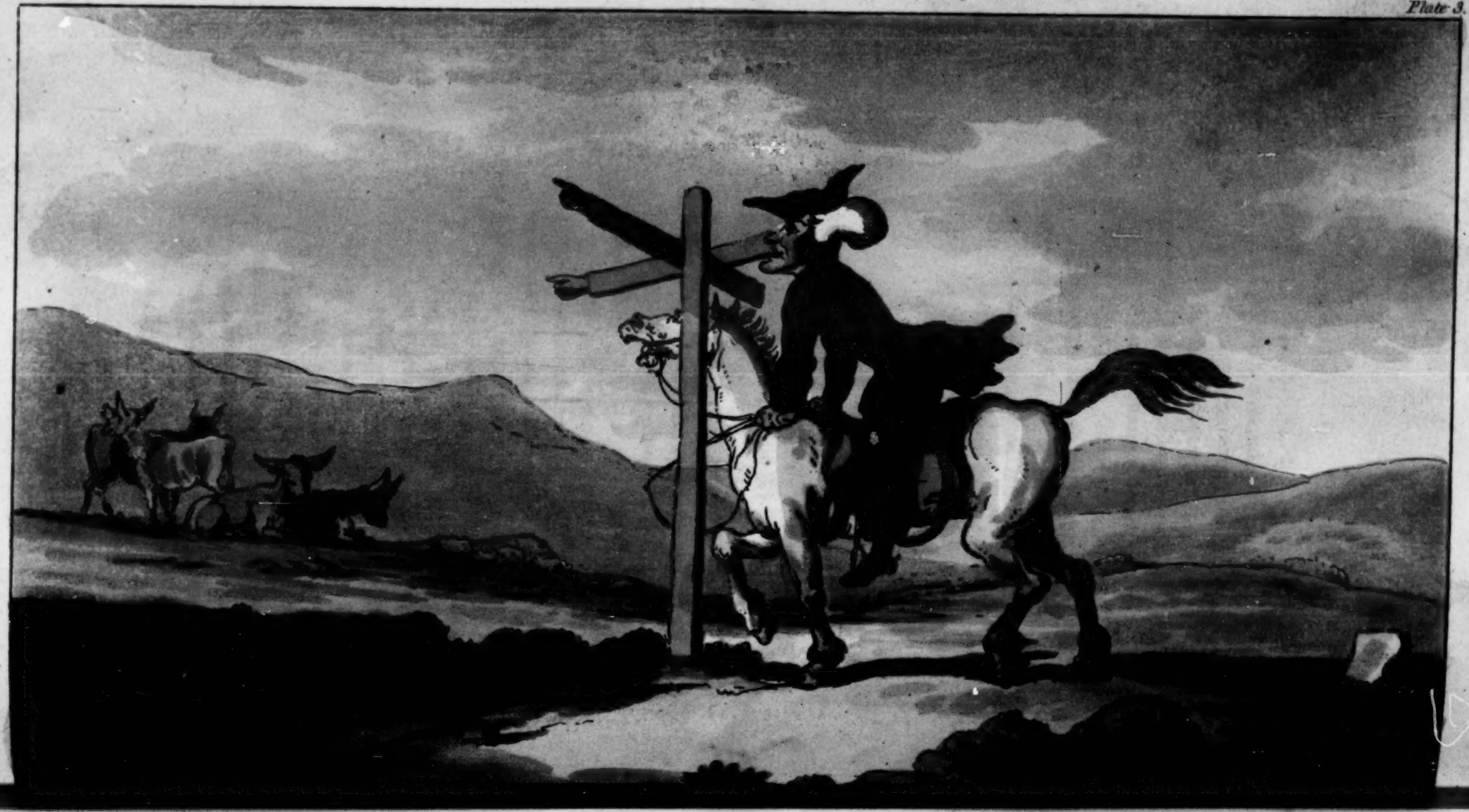
Plate 3.



" To heighten ev'ry work of art,
" Fancy should take an active part:
" Thus I (which few, I think, can boast)
" *Have made a landscape of a post.*

" So far, so good—but no one passes,
" No living creature but these asses;
" And, should I sit and hear them bray,
" I were as great a beast as they:
" So I'll be off;—from yonder down
" I may, perhaps, descry a town;
" Or some tall spire, among the trees,
" May give my way-worn spirit ease."

Grizzle again he soon bestrode,
And wav'd his whip, and off he rode;
But all around was dingy green,
No spire arose, no town was seen:
At length he reach'd a beaten road,
How great a joy the sight bestow'd!
So on he went in pleasant mood,
And shortly gain'd a stately wood,
Where the refreshing zephyrs play'd,
And cool'd the air beneath the shade.
Oh! what a change, how great the treat,
To fanning breeze from sultry heat!
But ah! how false is human joy!
When least we think it, ills annoy;
For now, with loud impetuous rush,
Three ruffians issued from a bush;
One Grizzle stopp'd, and seiz'd the reins,
While they all threat the Doctor's brains.
Poor Syntax, trembling with affright,
Resists not such superior might,
But yields him to their savage pleasure,
And gives his purse, with all its treasure;
But, fearing that the Doctor's view
Might be to follow and pursue,

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Plate 4.

" To heighten ev'ry work of art,
" Fancy should take an active part:
" Thus I (which few, I think, can boast)
" *Have made a landscape of a post.*

" So far, so good—but no one passes,
" No living creature but these asses;
" And, should I sit and hear them bray,
" I were as great a beast as they:
" So I'll be off;—from yonder down
" I may, perhaps, descry a town;
" Or some tall spire, among the trees,
" May give my way-worn spirit ease."

Grizzle again he soon bestrode,
And wav'd his whip, and off he rode;
But all around was dingy green,
No sprinkled cots, no town was seen:
At length he reach'd a broader road,
How great a joy the sight bestow'd!
So on he went in pleasant mood,
And shortly gain'd a stately wood,
Where the refreshing zephyrs play'd,
And cool'd the air beneath the shade.
Oh! what a change, how great the treat,
To fanning breeze from sultry heat!
But oh! how false is human joy!
When least we think it, ills annoy;
For now, with loud impetuous rush,
Three ruffians issued from a bush;
One Grizzle stopp'd, and seiz'd the reins,
While they, without the Doctor's brains,
Poor Dyer'em, trembling with affright,
Resists not such superior might,
But yields him to their savage pleasure,
And gives his purse, with all its treasure;
But, fearing that the Doctor's view
Might be to follow and pursue,

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Plate 4.

BRITISH
7 NOV 61
MUSEUM

The cunning robbers wisely counted,
That he, of course, should be dismounted;
And still that it would safer be,
If he were fasten'd to a tree.
Thus to a tree they quickly bound him,—
The cruel cords went round and round him;
And, having of all pow'r bereft him,
They tied him fast, and then they left him.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE, *Lib. I. Ode V.*.

WHAT graceful youth, on roses soft reclined,
Bedew'd with liquid perfumes, Pyrrha fair!
Caresses thee, beneath
The cavern's cooling shade?

For whom dost thou in simple neatness bind
The golden locks that wave around thy brows?
Alas! how he will mourn
The alter'd gods' decrees!

Unconscious he will wonder at the storm,
Who now too credulous enjoys thy smiles,
And dread the black'ning clouds
That lour above his head.

Alas! for him to whom untried thou seem'st
Splendid in charms, great Neptune's sacred walls
My dripping robes display,
A votive offering.

Hatton-Garden. J. P. C.

ON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS.

SAY, Love, for what good end design'd,
Wert thou to mortals given?
Was it to fix on earth the mind,
Or raise the heart to heaven?

Deluded oft we still pursue
The fleeting bliss we sought,—
As children chase the bird in view,
That's never to be caught.

Oh! who shall teach me to sustain
A more than manly part,—
To go through life, nor suffer pain
Nor joy to touch my heart?

Thou, blest Indiff'rence! be my guide;
I court thy gentle reign:
When Passion turns my steps aside,
Still call me back again.

Teach me to see thro' Beauty's art,
How oft its trappings hide
A base, a lewd, a treach'rous heart,
With thousand ills beside.

Nor let my gen'rous soul give way
Too much, to serve my friends:
Let reason still control their sway,
And shew where duty ends.

If to my lot a wife should fall,
May friendship be our love:
The passion that is transport all
Shall seldom lasting prove.

If lasting, 'tis too great for peace,
The pleasure's so profuse;
The heart can never be at ease
Which has too much to lose.

Calm let me estimate this life,
Which I must leave behind;
Nor let fond passion raise a strife,
To discompose my mind.

When Nature calls, may I steal by
As rising from a feast;
I've had my fill of life, and why
Should I disturb the rest?

SIGMA TAU.

ANACREONTIC.

KISSES:
ADDRESSED TO LYDIA.

GIVE me, Lydia, kisses sweet,
Kisses, love's delicious treat—
Honey'd kisses, from thy lip,
Cupid's self might joy to sip;
Sweeter than the flow'rs which bloom,
And around shed rich perfume—
Softer than the zephyr's breath,
Wafted o'er the flow'ry heath!

Freely give thy soul to joy,—
Mercenary pleasures cloy;
While the voluntary bliss,
Kiss so sweetly answ'ring kiss,
Fills the soul with real pleasure,
Bless'd and blessing without measure!

Mind not what dull pedants say,—
Pleasure beckons! let's away:
Age will quench the am'rous flame,
Then, like *them*, shall *we* be tame!
But, while Nature gives the pow'r,
Let's gaily pass each fleeting hour!

April 14, B. B. N. GUMENT.

LINES TO HEALTH,

WRITTEN DURING A LINGERING ILLNESS.

O Health! thou primal blessing! thee I mourn,
Condemn'd an hopeless wretch thy loss to weep;
And, whilst with bitter pangs my frame is torn,
In vain I seek the aid of "balmy sleep."

For years I've borne the fev'rish throb of pain,
And vainly sought relief from human skill:
Alas! Disease, and all her morbid train,
Combine my cup with misery to fill.

In tearful hours and heart-consuming care
The glory of my youth has pass'd away;
And Hope in vain would banish dark Despair,—
My soul admits not of her cheering ray.

O Health! celestial visitant! I fear
Thou'lt never more inhabit this sad breast;
I fear this cheek thy hue no more will wear,—
But, Lord! thy will be done, for thine is best.

O, God omnipotent! in that dread hour,
When mortal vanities shall fade away,
And the soul, shrinking from thy awful pow'r,
Shall fear to quit its tenement of clay:—

Oh! then confirm my trembling hopes in thee,
And guide my spirit to eternity!

OCTAVIA.

ON AFFECTATION.

I SING the praise of Affectation,
Whose pow'r prevails in every nation:
Extending o'er mankind her sway,
She rules the great, the fair, the gay,
The statesman, warrior, scholar, sage,
And lively youth, and pensive age.

This goddess of the changeful mien
In boarding-schools is ever seen,
Presiding with important air,
As chief instructress of the fair;
She guides young ladies through the dance,
Bids music their soft hearts entrance;
And with her aid the plastic mind
Is by French sentiment refin'd;
Or, soften'd by Petrarca's strains,
With him of hopeless love complains.
Her aid adorns the form and face
With ev'ry artificial grace,
Adjusts each gesture, and each limb
To ever-varying Fashion's whim:
The measur'd step, theatric air,
Love's pow'rful glance, pride's odious stare,
Th' accomplish'd modern *belle* declare.

Foe to simplicity and truth,
Her arts pervert ingenuous youth;
To Affectation Learning bows,
The cap and bells adorn those brows
Where sacred evergreen appear'd
When awful Science was rever'd.

Then studious youth, with ardent mind,
By genuine knowledge was refin'd;
Elate and dignified, the boy
Was wont each moment to employ
In new attainments, which might raise
His virtues to immortal praise.

By Affectation now inspir'd,
Our youth by other hopes are fir'd:
Mere sons of Art! new honours now
Adorn the lively student's brow;
To strut, dance, swagger, and declaim,
Are now his utmost end and aim.

Or, if the Muses warm his heart,
He sacrifices truth to art;
Affected sentiment and wit,
For ev'ry gen'rous mind unfit,
Pervade each dull bombastic line,
While critics term the piece divine:
Such Scott's and Southey's wretched lays,
Which ev'ry coxcomb loves to praise.

Thus Affectation o'er our youth
Presides, and thus misleads from truth;
Affected worth assumes the place
Of frank sincerity and grace;
Politeness, with her smile and bend,
Deceives alike both foe and friend;
Ev'n Scandal, with her artful sneer,
Can in the garb of Truth appear.

Hypocrisy's assum'd grimace,
With vicious heart and angel-face;
Friendship, with lib'ral hand and heart,
Offering protection to desert;

'Till adverse Fortune's angry eye
Compels th' affected friend to fly:
All act their part on life's wide stage,
The shame and censure of our age.

Modern Benevolence appears,—
Ye wretched! wipe away your tears!
Lo! mournful Indigence draws nigh,
With suppliant voice and tearful eye:
Benevolence appears no more,
She bolts with care her well-clos'd door,
And, rioting in sensual joys,
In selfish bliss the hours employs.

To commerce, learning, and the arts,
Sly Affectation now imparts
Her useful aid; she speculates
On future wealth, her vessels freights,
To ev'ry clime extends her stores,
And Gain's wide labyrinth explores;
While myriads hail the merchant's name,
And his vast opulence proclaim;
But soon, too soon! the dire Gazette
Declares his sun of glory set;
While worldly friends affect to grieve,
And the deceiver thus deceive.

But surely Science, rob'd in light,
Requires not Affectation's sleight.
Behold the modern sage, with smiles,
Now from his loaded shelves compiles
A *new* and *costly* publication,
The glory of *his name* and *nation!*
Newspaper puffs, and the rev'ews,
Widely the shameful fraud diffuse;
And Affectation's well-tim'd praise
Public credulity betrays.

Thus o'er the head of knaves and fools,
O'er modern manners, modern schools,
O'er Fashion's flutt'ring useless train,
Dissimulation holds her reign;
Whilst firm Sincerity alone,
Scorning to bend before her throne,
Stands forth the advocate of Truth,
Exhorting our ingenuous youth
To grasp fair Virtue's precious prize,
And Affectation's arts despise. C.

CONTENT.

I ASK not wealth, I ask not pow'r,
I ask not Fortune's amplest dow'r;
No gilt alcove, no bed of state,
No Parian floor, no splendid plate;
I ask but what the swains can share,
Primeval life, with little care;
Save that, sometimes, my thoughts aspire,
With mind at ease, to touch my lyre.

With *mind at ease!* ah! were *that* mine,
Let old Avaro count his coin,
Nightly survey the glitt'ring hoard,
While Famine pale scowls o'er his board,
And mean self-love, and envy base,
Are stongly pictur'd in his face,
Which, as the varying passions roll,
Shews each dark purpose of his soul.

O! let not cold Avaro come
To where I fix my sacred home!
N'er let his *with'ring* steps pervade
My lov'd, my long-lov'd, *hawthorn* shade;

O! ever hallow'd be that bow'r,
Where Fancy deck'd my infant hour!
Where Spring's first flow'rets in my way
Scatter'd their sweets:—the orient ray
Gilt the pale harebell in the vale,
The woodbine wanton'd in the gale;
And as my light foot frolic trod
The cowslip'd hill, or pansied sod,
Attendant Health on tiptoe came,
And Freedom brought her holy flame;
And playful Mirth—a sportive child—
With Innocence look'd on, and smil'd!

Such were the hours of op'ning life,
Before I prov'd this world of strife,
Before I knew the faithless plan
Of fickle, base, unfeeling man!
And now, when Time's cold fingers spread
His hoary honours o'er my head,
May I again delighted rove
The daisied mead, the chequer'd grove!
Or visit oft, at early morn,
While healthful breezes wave the corn,
The murm'ring brook, the hawthorn cell,
And with Content and Virtue dwell!

WILLIAM NEWTON.

Abyssinia, near *Congleton*,
Dec. 14, 1807.

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing a pretty Girl fall in the Snow, January, 1809.

"PRAY let me assist you, good Madam," said John,
"Ne'er heed the rude sneers of that fop;
'Tis a treat, I assure you, that he'd be glad on,
To gather so sweet *a Snow-drop!*"

DORA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

The following Lines were written very recently, upon an occasion that caused much anxiety and distress of mind to the writer: if you think they possess any merit, they are much at your service for your intended Poetical Magazine.

Your humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

FRANTIC FLIGHTS.

THRO' many a wild, o'er many a noisome fen,
O'er rugged hills, and thro' the horrid glen,
Where savage nature sheds terrific gloom,
Frantic with grief I wail my hapless doom.

She's gone! ye hills, now as I pass along,
Echo my woes, repeat my plaintive song!
From thousand chasms, with voice tremendous, tell,
She's gone, on whom my soul delights to dwell!

Ye barren wilds, on which the wearied eye
No cheerful blade for ever shall descry,
Ye mock me too!—But all your jeers I scorn;
My head's more wild, my heart is more forlorn:
Music may charm you, love's seraphic voice
May strew the desert's rugged paths with joys;
Not so my heart! no music e'er can cheer
Its inward pangs, no sounds delight mine ear;
All, all is waste! nor can I pleasure prove
'Till to my heart I press my absent love.

Thro' morass wide see humid Vapour rise,
That death's keen darts with poisons fell supplies;
Whence fevers come, and in whose noisome bed
Consumptions, agues, palsies too, are bred;
There, straying wild, I brave the fetid air,
Laugh at it's ills, and all its fury dare:

Ha! ha! ha! ha! see, see, its poisons rise,
And climb in murky clouds the darken'd skies:
Volumes on volumes from old Styx are hurl'd,
To curse with pestilence the frighted world:
Yet here I stand! what dangers can appal
The heart that mourns its love, its life, its all?

Seest thou yon glen? there—mark the awful gloom;
Would'st thou seem buried in the silent tomb,
Go hide thee there:—there celebrate thy woe:
Thou'rt not in love! away—thou shalt not go:
Alone I'll 'tempt the crag, alone explore
Those gloomy haunts, by man ne'er seen before;
I'll trace the torrent, tumbling from the brow
Of yon huge mountain, to the deep below;
I'll seek the vulture's nest, the viper's cell,
The caves where wizards work the magic spell,
Mock all their incantations, bid them prove
Their magic pow'r by bringing back my love.

Oh, my poor brain! when will this anguish cease?
When shall my soul be sooth'd again to peace?
One only charm my panting heart would crave,
Or hide its sorrows in the silent grave:—
L——a! once the blessing of my life;
My lov'd, my lovely, my angelic wife!
L——a! fair and spotless as before,
Give to my arms! and I will rave no more!

CARLO.

HOPE.

I SOUGHT the silent paths of Peace,
In solitude to roam,
And yield my heart a short release
From cares that filled my home:—

In vain! for Mis'ry still pursu'd
My steps, and mock'd my toil,
And oft I wish'd, in madd'ning mood,
To sleep beneath the soil:—

And soon I'd slept, but in her train
Hope came, with placid brow,—
She told me, when oppress'd with pain,
Of joys I cherish now.

ALCMAN.

INSCRIPTION FOR A HERMITAGE.

Low is this roof, and rude the narrow arch
That yields thee entrance; thou perhaps hast dwelt
In halls of gilded splendor, and thine eye
Can see few charms in vale or woodland scene,
Where only Nature reigns. Yet, hast thou ne'er,
In some lone interval, from riot free,
Read thine own heart, and found a voidness there,
That mocks description?—But seldom in the haunts
Of Luxury doth Happiness reside,
And thronging thousands seek her there in vain.
Rest thee awhile! and, if thine heart be pure,
Tho' low my roof, thou yet may'st find her here.

ALCMAN.

FOR

A TABLET ON THE BANKS OF A STREAM.

SILENT and smooth my limpid waters flow,
And thou, perhaps, may'st scorn their lowly wave,
Yet is there one who loves, at ev'ning's glow,
In my pure stream his wearied limbs to lave.

Then, stranger! pluck not from their humble bed
The simple flow'rs that on my margin grow;
By heat oppress'd, tho' now they droop the head,
At morn, by dews refresh'd, again they'll sweetly blow.

ALCMAN.

SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY,

On her singing in the celebrated Duet, "Where is the Light from Lara's Tower?"

OH! gentle Lady, why dost thou bewail
That hush'd is Lara's harp, whose magic lay,
As o'er its strings low swept the ev'ning gale,
Could from the bosom charm all care away?

Lady! the hand that once those strings could sway,
The dewy lip that lent its richer tone,
Have moulder'd long in dust; yet, sooth to say,
That lip's wild melody to thine seems flown.

Oh! if the souls of those who bravely fell
Could drink with list'ning ear a mortal's strain,
And woman's lip the choral dirge would swell
For those who nobly sleep on Glory's plain,
How few would then their Country's honour sell,
And shun the Patriot's death for love of wordly gain!

ALCMAN.

ON HAPPINESS.

TRUE Happiness is not the growth of earth;
Fruitless your trouble if you seek it there;
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And blossoms only in celestial air.

Sweet plant of Paradise! thy seed is sown
In here and there a breast of heav'nly mould;
It rises soon, and buds, but ne'er was known
To blossom *here—the climate is too cold.*

DORA.

A MOVING TALE,

BY A STAGE-COACH PASSENGER.

WHEN Mammon mov'd Broad Brim
To move, "per coach,"—to town—
He mov'd, and got into the stage,
Then movingly—sat down.

The bumping moves commenc'd;
Friend Broad Brim chew'd—his mums;
No spirit mov'd him to hold forth—
He sat, and twirl'd—his thumbs.

Somnus then mov'd him—snug,
Drabb'd Buckram's eyes they clos'd;
He nodded to his chums—good night!
Thus movingly—he doz'd.

Whether he dream'd of love,
Or other charms in store,
I ne'er heard Quakers mov'd to sing;
Broad Brim, at least,—could snore.

Transpose thy dreams, I cried,
Nor breathe them through thy nose,
Or, verily, thou mov'st my wrath
To tread upon—thy toes.

E. F. R.

ODE TO FANCY.

O FANCY! sportive maid,
With thee let me retire,
And range the chequer'd shade,
'Mongst the wild warbling choir.

Adown the waving grove
A fairy train we'll lead;
And sing the song of love,
And dance to oaten reed.

Perchance the wand'ring moon
There's riding thro' the east,
Mildly shining on the tomb
Where Mary lies at rest.

Ah! there the love-lorn willow
Fondly droops its head;
Waving poor Mary's pillow
Beside its oozy bed.

Away! thou plaintive scene!
Come, Fancy! to mine eyes:
'Twas Somnus, in a dream,
That bid the phantom rise!

Ye blue-ey'd nymphs, ne'er mute,
With ruddy smiles now bring
The tabor and the flute,
For 'tis the frolic spring!

Pomona, strew your flow'rs
Profusely o'er the plains,
And deck our sylvan bow'rs,
And call the laughing swains.

Let mirth and festive glee
Each youth and maid delight,
And sound "How blest are we
When Cynthia rules the night!"

R. HATT.

RETIREMENT.

Loin de ces vains plaisirs qui bercent la molesse,
Tout à moi, tout aux lois d'une aimable sagesse.

In this delightful solitude
My breast no sorrows discompose;
Exempt from worldly cares and fears,
My days glide on in sweet repose.

No vain desires torment my mind,
No futile longings after wealth;
Not plac'd in others is my joy,
My bliss is centred in myself.

A friend is welcome to my cot—
No dainties rich, but humble cheer;
To mis'ry's sons my aid I lend,
And o'er their suff'rings drop a tear.

Around me happiness I find;
My fruits are sweet, my milk is new;
The verdant meads delight mine eyes,
And flow'rs fresh op'ning to the view.

If sometimes to my heart a storm
Convey some momentary fears;
Soon are the darksome clouds dispers'd,
The rainbow in the sky appears.

Permit me then, ye pow'rs above!
Still in this solitude to dwell;
Let death come when it will, my soul
With joy shall bid the world farewell.

FELICITAS.

THE SAILOR-BOY.

WHILE o'er the rough billows the vessel is riding,
And loud blows the wind o'er the watery deep,
The Sailor-Boy into his hammock is gliding,
And soon he is wrapp'd in the mantle of Sleep.

Now wanders his mind o'er the regions of Fancy,
And bright does each vision appear as it flies;
He fancies himself at his home with his Nancy,
Delighted and swimming with tears are his eyes.

And while o'er his lov'd home are his senses still roving,
Where visions of bliss flit along the gay scene,
And while with his Nancy, belov'd and beloving,
Too soon he's convinc'd that it is but a dream;—

For hark! on the deck is the boatswain loud bawling,
"All hands to the pump, boys, your lives haste to save,
For into the bosom of Ocean we're falling,
And soon shall we sink to a watery grave!"

He hastes to the deck, and now hears the dread thunder,
And sees the blue lightning flash thro' the skies;
Expecting each moment the ship's burst in sunder,
As o'er mountain billows tremendous she rides,

But the storm soon abates, and the wind blows less hollow,
The hearts of the sailors no longer droop low;
No longer they dread that the sea should them swallow,
Tho' rough still the bosom of Ocean does flow.

And now to that God, who watches their slumbers,
They offer their praises with hearts most sincere;
Who protected them still from the bolt of the thunder,
And averted grim Death, when they thought him so near.

Oh! poor Sailor-Boy, who can tell the rude danger
With which you're encompass'd by night and by day?
What bosom, but that to soft pity a stranger,
But must heave a sigh when they read this short lay?

But, amid all your sorrow, there's this consolation,
The arm of Omnipotence guards you around,
For, without the leave of the God of Creation,
Not even a sparrow can fall to the ground.

Thetford. R. N.

SONG.

I long have sought for friendship,
And long have sought for fame;
The one I find a meteor,
The other but a name.

I call'd on Love to help me;
The little archer came,
And quickly in my bosom
Arous'd a glowing flame.

I meant it as a plaything
I soon could throw away;
But find myself mistaken,
For Cupid's dart will stay.

I've tried each way to move it,
Tho' ev'ry effort's vain;
Yet tho' it is tormenting,
I dote upon my pain;—

And would not lose the anguish
That often fills my breast,
For all the gold in Ophir,
Or riches of the east.

ARENA.

SONNET.

"Under the rocks of Vaucluse, or in still more solitary retirements, Petrarch composed his finest Sonnets, lamenting the absence of his Laura, or complaining of her cruelty."

HERE, 'neath these rocks, where airy spectres tread,
Where rosy Sylphs their mystic revels keep,
Recluse from noise, I'll lay my fev'rish head,
And bathe my senses in ambrosial sleep:
Here limpid rills in pure meanders move,
Here Zephyrs wanton at the evening-close;
Here Silence dwells,—and here afflicted Love
His sonnets oft for Laura would compose:
Yes! here it was that Petrarch frequent came,
When aerial phantoms of romantic mien,
Or leering demons riding on a flame,
Were sporting wildly in the concave seen:
Here, while the gales his lyre responsive strung,
Celestial music warbled on his tongue.

Grafton-street, 1809. J. G.

SONG.

SAY, shepherds, have ye seen a lamb,
Which from my fold has stray'd,
The bleatings of whose sorrowing dam
The wanderer upbraid?

Ah! see, the runaway is here!
This morn he left his home.
Why didst thou quit thy mother dear,
And from thy master roam?

Ah! little truant, leave this spot;
Come, hasten to thy pen;
Thy ev'ry fault shall be forgot,
If thou'lt ne'er rove again.

CAPITUR INSULA MARTINIQUE.

Europa lugens regna per omnia
Spumat rubenti flumine sanguinis,
  Urbesque concussæ vacillant,
  Et metuunt solio labanti.

Instare fracti funera Principes,
Heu! pœnè virtus cedit Iberiæ,
  Ipsique victores Britanni
  Jam patrios repetunt penates.

Quò fugit altæ fama Bataviæ?
Quò bellicosæ gloria Prussiæ?
  Immota spectatrix ruinæ
  Velat Hyperboreis procellis

Concussa frontem Russia; sed tamen
Spargit triumphos Gallia lacrymis,
  Scloque sub saxo residens
  Oceani speculatur undas,

Et surda complet marmora questibus;
" Quid si catenas undique Gallicas,
  " Quacunque turbatam revolvit
  " Vistula aquam, tumefacta tellus

" Perfert, & acer Danubii incola?
" Valetne, celsam flectere vertices
  " Romam superbas, & cruentis
  " Hesperiæ fluctare campis

" Vexilla nostri militis? Heu! manet
" Intacta tellus clara Britanniæ,
  " Tutata quæ circumfluenti
  " Gurgite, vimque minasque nostras

" Temnit superbo lumine. Quà lavat
" Aurata Ganges flumine pascua,
  " Quà Seres atque Indi sub ipso
  " Axe sedent radiante Phœbi,

" Tementur illic Anglica fulmina,
" Sacra & verentur nomina Barbari
" Honoris at nostri suprema
" Spes recidit, penitusque victi.

" Eheu ! manentem cedimus insulam !
" Unàque fugit gloria Galliæ.
" Regnumque jam totum superbis
" Oceani rapitur Britannis."

CARTHUSIANUS.

Charter-house Square, April 20th.

STANZAS,

ON PRESENTING THE PICTURE OF MY FRIEND (ON THE POINT OF LEAVING ENGLAND) TO HIS MOTHER.

Go, sweet resemblance of my valued friend,
And to a mother's fondness be consign'd ;
May'st thou to sooth her care-fraught bosom tend,
And chase the pangs of absence from her mind :—

And when the raging seas and distant shores
Her much-lov'd offspring from her arms shall part,
Be thou the solace of her thoughtful hours—
A balm to ease the aching of her heart !

Oft, when depicting, with maternal love,
A mother's pleasing hope, or anxious fear,
Her eyes shall o'er those well-known features rove,
And wash their crystal cov'ring with a tear.

Go, then, thou image of my valu'd friend,
'Till by his presence once again we're blest,—
May'st thou, to soothe her care-fraught bosom tend,
And chase the pangs of absence from her breast.

N. B. E.

TO THE SPANIARDS,

IN 1809,

On their Ship, "El Salvador del Mundo," of 112 *Guns, taken by Admiral Sir John Jervis in* 1797.

BEWAIL no more, ye patriot Dons,
That ship which struck to Neptune's sons,
By gallant Jervis led;
Tho' captive she in Albion lies,
To earn her name each Briton tries,—
For this his blood is shed!

When Gallia's haughty chief ordain'd
Iberia's land, with slaughter stain'd,
Should bow beneath his pow'r;
On Britain's shore you cast your eyes,
Where on each heart was 'grav'd the prize,
"Del Mundo Salvador!"

J. H.

MY MUSE.

WHEN joyless I've sat, from some childish mishap,
And no kind of pleasure was near me,
Then often I've taken of paper a scrap,
And my Muse has been ready to cheer me.

But sometimes she's coy—which has given me pain—
And will lend me in rhymes no assistance;
I've torn them, and wrote them, and torn them again,
And my pen and ink thrown to a distance.

And so I did now, not ten minutes gone by,
Till I seated myself and reflected,
That, like all other females, our chase she will fly;
But follow us when she's rejected.

May 3, 1809. ALFRED.—(*Aged* 16.)

A FAMILIAR AND DESCRIPTIVE TALE,

IN A DIALOGUE,

Between the Author and his Friend.

Hint taken from HORACE, Sat. 8. Lib. 2.

—— Ubi quid datur oti.
Illudo chartis.——HOR. S. 4. L. 1.

'Twas in the month of May, and day the first,
To see the world I felt a partial thirst,
So left my humble cot, and country fare,
To visit town, and see what's doing there;
When, strange to tell, (from absence long,) I found
All seem'd to me turn'd topsy-turvy round;
And soon was lost in wonder and amaze,
To know where first to make my grand essays.
When calling on a friend at Lincoln's Inn,
At court, he said, I surely should begin,
Where I should see the best of Kings and Queen;
And such a family of beauty too,
In vain I'd search their equal nations thro'.

And next engag'd me to report and tell
How all things pleas'd me, whether ill or well;
And in the sequel of my tale he'll shew
Some observations, worthy well to know.
To court I went, where, true enough, I saw
What instant fill'd my breast with loyal awe:
My King and Queen all dignity and grace;
The best example in the highest place:
Nor less delighted was my heart to see
The charms and manners of their progeny;
Where Nature seem'd most lavishly inclin'd
To grace the person, and adorn the mind.
What subject then can view our present reign,
And not feel loyalty thro' ev'ry vein?

Yet some there are in ev'ry country known,
Ever at war and variance with their own:
But, like the viper and the file, in vain
The loaves and fishes do they try to gain:
Then let them rave and cry "Reform, Reform,"
'Till in the end be found—an harmless storm.

But to the court I instantly return,
And briefly tell what there I could discern.
What struck me next in this high-fashion'd court
Was the gay beaux and belles, who there resort
To pay their humble duty to their King,
And next to those encircled in the ring;
Where stars and garters blaz'd in high degree,
And many a fair appear'd in highest glee,
Engaging and engag'd in open chat,
And talking of—I fear—they know not what,
For by their looks, and unreflecting air,
Thinking, to me, seem'd not their present care;
Still they kept talking on, 'till all was o'er,
Then pass'd in easy hurry to the door,
Where all was bustle, noise, and pressing crowd,
And chairs and servants call'd for far and loud.
While I, enjoying all that I had seen,
At length was ey'd by P——, a worthy Dean,
With whom in early life much love had been.
He call'd me to his coach, in easy way,
And kindly said, you'll dine with me to-day,
To meet some former friends, both ins and out,
And learn what our great folks are all about.
For at your country vill' you little know
How here in town our gen'ral matters go.
I thank'd the Dean, and instant took my seat,
And soon I found myself in Harley-street.

Lambeth-road.

[*To be continued.*]

SONNET,

Being (it is presumed) a very fair Specimen of the Pathos, or *modern Sublime*, and likewise a striking Illustration of the Bathos, or *Art of Sinking*. Respectfully inscribed to Monk Lewis, Walter Scott, Robert Southey, and William Wordsworth, Esqrs. the most celebrated Masters of those Arts in the present Day.

LOUD howl'd the wind!—the deep-mouth'd thunder
roar'd,
The forked lightnings flash'd around!
The rain descending from the black clouds pour'd
In torrents o'er the verdant ground!
'Twas then—amid the forest's awful gloom,
At that lone solemn hour of night,
When rise the spirits from the yawning tomb,
And by the moon-beam's paly light
Hold o'er the graves their midnight rout;
Whilst the hoarse owl, Death's awful warning bird,
Screech'd from the yew-tree, or the ivy'd tow'rs—
Ricardo stray'd, and, as the sounds he heard,
Paus'd, and with palsied horror cried, "Ye pow'rs!
The wind has blown my rushlight out!!!"

JAMES B. BROWN.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. C. MAXWELL,

Author of Alfred of Normandy, Lionel, &c. &c.

OH! ye, who, o'er departed Genius' shrine,
With tearful eye and hearts desponding bend,
Cease your wild wailings, and no more repine,
Again she deigns on Albion's fields descend.

In Maxwell, lo! her sweetest pow'rs combin'd,
The plaintive graces, and the tender thought,
The glowing beauties of a style refin'd,
And polish'd verse, with thrilling cadence fraught.

With festive measures hail th' auspicious boon,
Fair pledge of favour to the sons of Rhyme;
Thou, Gratitude! our anxious shell attune,
And teach us to deserve such bliss sublime.

J. B. N.

TO DELIA,

ON SEEING HER PAINTED.

Why does my Delia deck her hair
With wreaths of fragrant hue?
Why does she paint her neck so fair,
And vanity pursue?

Say, does she think that blooming cheek
Needs rouge to raise its charms?
And why does Art her vengeance wreak
On Delia's lovely arms?

When Nature moulds the beauteous form,
And Virtue is her pride,
Ah! must foul Art the work deform,
And o'er those gifts preside?

Believe me, lovely as thou art,
Graceful in form and face,
Pure joy will flow not from thy heart,
Whilst rank'd in folly's race.

Then will my Delia cease to spend
Her time on pleasures vain?
But listen to her truest friend,
And mental beauties gain:—

"The mind alone is worth a thought;"
Beauty may charm a few;
But when 'tis not with goodness fraught,
The charm is never true.

MERCATOR.

TO ELIZA,

ACCOMPANIED WITH A RING.

ACCEPT, Eliza, loveliest of the fair!
This little gift from one who loves you true;
And deign, sweet maid! the nuptial sign to wear,
Which faithful love does thus present to you.

Oh! that I were the self-same little ring,
That I might always touch that lily hand;
A greater bliss sure nought below could bring—
A greater joy I would not here demand!

Whene'er, Eliza dear! it meets your eye,
Then think on him who always thinks on thee;
Bestow him then, dear maid, one gentle sigh,
And doubly happy must he truly be!

Verge of Granta. SINCERITAS.

A RECEIPT

FOR MAKING A COPY OF LATIN VERSES.

In Imitation of Swift.

Two or three books brought down to peruse,
Two or three soft speeches made to the Muse,
Two or three gods brought to thicken the fable,
Two or three thumps with your fist on the table,
Two or three old copies search'd o'er and o'er,
Two or three stamps with your foot on the floor,
Two or three "*atques*," and two or three "*huncs*,"
Two or three "*jamjams*," and two or three "*tuncs*,
Two or three words look'd out in the Gradus,
Two or three verses there ready made us,
Two or three bangs from Bacchus's thyrsus,
Two or three d—ns, and two or three curses,
Will never fail making a Copy of Verses.

D. W.

A HOT DAY.

WRITTEN IN A HOT NIGHT.

WHAT a plague's a summer's breakfast,
Eat whate'er you will;
A roll is but a nasty thing,
Toast is nastier still.

Then how to pass the time away
Till dinner—there's the doubt;
You're hot if you stay in the house,
You're hot if you go out.

The dinner comes—Lord help us all!
Such frying—such a stew!—
You're hot if you don't touch a bit,
You're hotter if you do.

Then, after dinner, what to do—
No knowing where to rove;
The Gentlemen are hot below,
The Ladies hot above.

And now the kettle comes again,—
That's not the way to cool one,—
Tea makes an empty stomach hot,
And hotter still a full one.

But then, an evening walk's the thing—
Not if you're hot before;
For he, who sweats when he sits still,
Will, when he moves, sweat more!

And now the supper comes again,
To make bad worse, I wot;
For supper, while it heats the cool,
Will never cool the hot!

And bed, which cheers the cold man's heart,
Helps not the hot a pin;
For he, who sweats when out of bed,
Sweats ten times more within!

COMICUS.

A COLD DAY.

AH! what a task it is to rise,
And leave th' inviting bed,
When nipping frost spreads cold around,
And snow hangs o'er your head!

And when at length the mighty work
By valiant effort's done,
Your tingling fingers soon announce
Your woes but just begun.

Now, creeping to the parlour-fire,
You shiv'ring take your seat,
Crying, the while your fast you break—
"It is too cold to eat!"

When breakfast's o'er—then what to do;
Alack! you cannot tell;
It is too cold to walk abroad,
'Tis colder to sit still.

The dinner-hour at length arrives,
With joy you hail the sound,
In hopes 'twill make your stomach warm,—
But cold e'en here is found:

For should fat mutton be your fare,
You've scarce a mouthful ate
Before the rest with grief you see
Turn cold upon the plate.

Thus on till bed-time you complain,
Expecting comfort there;
But 'twixt the sheets there's little warmth
Allotted to your share:

For, ah! your feet, by cold benumb'd,
Your waking thoughts employ;
Or yet more cruel chilblain's twitch
Your last sweet hopes destroy!

COMICUS.

THE NEGRO-BOY:

A SONG.

FROM friends, from home, and comfort torn,
The source of ev'ry joy,
Was stolen a poor lad forlorn—
A hapless Negro-Boy!

Condemn'd to toil 'neath burning skies,
No rest does he enjoy,
While o'er his head the whip oft flies,
To lash the Negro-Boy!

At last a Wilberforce succeeds,
This traffic to destroy;
And the poor slave no longer bleeds,
A wretched Negro-Boy!

To home return'd, he spends his days
In peace, without alloy;
And oft to heav'n for him he prays,
Who freed the Negro-Boy!

TO THE LADIES OF LYMINGTON.

SUCH smiles your dimpled cheeks display,
As far outvie the sweets of May:
Not all the beauties that adorn
The dew-bespangled robe of morn;
Not all the graces of the Sun,
When he his daily course has run;
Not Luna, darting silver beams
O'er some bright riv'let's purling streams,
In beauty can compare with you,
Ye lovely fair, meek, mild, and true!
The fam'd enchanting Syren's tongue;
The fav'rite airs that Orpheus sung;
The nightingale's melodious notes;
The warbling of the linnets' throats;
The cuckoo in the blooming spring,
Which makes the woods and valleys ring;
The cooings of the lonely dove,
Are not so sweet, when fraught with love,
As your delightful pleasing strains,
Which echo thro' these verdant plains.

G. T.

EXTEMPORE,

On being asked, by a Lady, "Which was the most suffering State of Humanity?"

THE *greatest torture*, would'st thou know,
Unequall'd in the realms below,
That damns each station, sex, and sense?
In one short word, it is—*suspense!*

CLIO.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE HENRY KIRKE WHITE, OF NOTTINGHAM,

Occasioned by reading his "Remains," by R. Southey.

WHY on the weeping willow of the stream
Hangs my sad harp, responsive to the gale?
Once more I strike thee to a pensive theme—
Once more I tune thee to a mournful tale!

Lamented youth! for thee an humble Muse,
A Muse unknown, who holds thy mem'ry dear,
Hath dipp'd her pinions in Castalian dews,
And claims for thee the tribute of a tear!

Like thee, whose honest worth I fain would tell,
Oh! could I pour the melancholy strain!
Could I, like thee, attune my vocal shell,
Whose lyre neglected did not mourn in vain!

When, with the ardour of poetic fire,
The monarch, "Time," was clad in living bays,
Then struck to heav'n the animated lyre,
And crown'd JEHOVAH with a wreath of praise!

When, with the "harp of Judah" in his hands,
He sang the glorious—the immortal strife,—
And, o'er the standard of Satanic bands,
Display'd the banner of the LORD of LIFE!

Pure was the flame that warm'd his conscious breast—
Pure was the path, the verdant path, he trod;
His soul's salvation in his Saviour's rest;
The steadfast anchor of his faith—his GOD!

Where Trent melodious rolls its silver wave,
Nature's great secrets would the youth explore;
Arm'd with a mind the storms of life to brave,
He sought for wisdom, and he sought no more!

E'en there, where Clifton still reveres his name,
His soaring mind would spurn the scenes of Time,
And with the free-born sons of Truth exclaim—
" * Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!"

Nature's lov'd child, adieu! once more, adieu!
Accept the tributary strain of truth;
May thy bless'd spirit from its port review
This sad memorial to departed youth.

In joy eternal, which shall never fade,
(The proud may envy,) surely thou art blest;
And, in the garments of the LAMB array'd,
Art hail'd triumphant to partake his rest!

April, 1809. EDWARD.

THE DRAMATIST.

A " *Dramatist*" fam'd says the only true plan
Of " *Management*'s," doubtless, to—" *Laugh when you Can!*"
He, in youth, felt a " *Rage*" for Melpomene's aid,
And " *Werter*'s" sad sorrows with judgment pourtray'd;
But, wisely preferring the smile to the tear,
In mirth's " *Caravan*" he's been chasing " *Dull Care*;"
By which well-adopted and wise " *Speculation*,"
" *Notoriety*" gain'd with the town's approbation,
And e'en with " *Cheap Living*" he cheerfulness taught;
His " *Will*" with judicious instruction was fraught:
Thus, " *How to grow Rich*" he has found out the way,
And, tho' a " *Blind Bargain*" he once did display,
In the *damn'd* " *Three per Cents.*" continues his aim,
" *Folly as it Flies*" with keen satire to maim;
And when " *Out of Place*" he pursu'd the same rule,
Which proves, tho' an " *Exile*," he's not " *Fortune's Fool!*"

Strand. J. P—H.

* Goldsmith.

SOLUTION

OF THE CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—P. 35.

In *Momus* the gay god of laughter we find,
May his pow'r oft be felt by the sorrow-struck mind.
When Cæsar the *Rubicon* cross'd, honour fled,
And without it a warrior's best impulse is dead.
Fair *Andromeda*, prompted by beauty and pride,
With the Nereids and Juno for loveliness vied.
In *Cyprus*, held sacred to Venus and love,
The fables relate was the Paphian grove.
A *King* o'er his people holds sovereign sway;
Oh! long may we George's mild mandates obey!
Telemachus shunn'd fair Calypso's embrace
For the charms that he found in *Eucharis's* face:
And *Rhesus's* horses Ulysses once led
In captivity's chains, with the brave Diomed.
Minos reign'd over Crete so truly and well,
That the gods sent him down to be judge over hell.
To *Alcmena* old Jupiter went in the shape
Of her husband Amphitryon;—how could she escape?
And sage *Nestor*, by classical legends we're told,
Did not die 'till three cent'ries had o'er his head roll'd:
While *Niobe* wept till her form became stone,
Condemn'd and despis'd by the angry Latone.
The initials of each if your carefully pen,
M. R. A. C. K. E. R. M. A. N. N.
Mr. Ackermann's name will be instantly known,
And thus the enigma is certainly shewn.
May his efforts to please meet with all they deserve,
For he ne'er has been known from his promise to swerve;
I assure him, for one, that I wish him quite well,
And remain his oblig'd,

And sincere,

May 3, 1809. J. M. L.

ACROSTIC,

IN ANSWER TO THE CLASICAL ENIGMA.—P. 35.

M ETHINKS, Arena, I have found
R ight truly your Enigma;
A nd tho', with classic fiction bound,
C lass'd your great folk together.
K een *Momus* laugh'd and rallied too;
E re half my task was brought to view,
R ubicon's waves, *Andromeda's* pride,
M ild *Cyprus* groves, well-pleas'd I spied.
A sov'reign *King*—*Euterpe*—*Rhesus* slain—
N ay *Minos* and *Alcmene* sought disguise in vain;
N estor and *Niobe* reveal'd the magic chain.

AZELI.

JEU D'ESPRIT,

IN THE MODERN STYLE.

SAY, shepherd, seated near yon brook,
While musing o'er thy bending crook,—
Say, shepherd, tell me, hast thou seen
A lovely nymph trip o'er this green,
Of look angelic—form divine—
In whom soft grace and ease combine?

Where, ye gods! whither is she fled?
In vain the violet's mossy bed,
The verdant plain, the cowslipp'd mead,
By fears ill-boding cross'd, I tread:
Fruitless I search the gentle bow'rs,
Where buds the rose, and woodbine flow'rs;

Where th' humble violet is display'd,
And lilies are by scents betray'd.

She's fled! within yon streamlet's tide,
Myself, my grief, my love, I'll hide!—
But, ah! some well known footstep's nigh,
Just pow'rs! 'tis she! she comes! I fly!

SILVESTRIS.

LAW.

AT Durham Sessions, held of late,
One Dent was guilty found,
Of cruelty to mistress Wait,
Which laid her under ground.

This man was paupers' overseer;
The woman sought for aid;
But hard his heart, and deaf his ear
To what the woman said.

Straw serv'd her for a bed of rest
Within a cow-house laid;
While sacks her wasted body prest—
She had no other aid.

Death stopp'd the injur'd woman's cares,
Dent was a week confin'd,
Then paid five pounds for all repairs,
And purified his mind.

But still there is another place,
Where even kings appear,
For GOD, who curbs the guilty race,
Dries up the widow's tear.

ANTEUS.

SONG.

AH! tell me, gentle Zephyr! where
You borrow'd that soft sigh?
Whence did you steal the pearly tear,
That trembles in your eye?

The sigh is sure the breeze of morn
That fans the op'ning rose;
The tear the dew-drop on the thorn,
Where the May-blossom blows.

No, shepherd, from the breezy morn
I borrow'd not the sigh;
Nor did the drop that gems the thorn
The pearly tear supply:—

In yonder grove, that skirts the plain,
A nymph the shade prefers—
She mourns thy falsehood, faithless swain!
The sigh, the tear, are her's!

Theatre, Lyceum. T. MARSHALL.

EPILOGUE TO THE CAPTIVES,

A TRAGEDY,

WRITTEN BY THOMAS VAUGHAN, ESQ.

Spoken by Mrs. Siddons.

AT length our bark has reach'd the wish'd-for shore;
The winds are hush'd—but is all danger o'er?
The trembling Bard still hovers o'er the main—
Still dreads the dancing waves that lash in vain,—
Clings like th' affrighted sailor to the mast,
And shudders at the dangers he has past.

Dangers indeed!—for who, in times like these,
Would launch his ship to plough dramatic seas;
Where growling thunders roll, and tempests sweep
Such crowds of bold advent'rers to the deep?
O'er his poor head the winds of malice blow,
And waves of angry censure rage below.

Critics, like monsters, on each side appear,—
Herald, the whale; and shark, the *Gazetteer*:
If these he chance t'escape, there comes a squall,
From *Lloyd's*, *St. James's*, *London*, or *Whitehall*:
Here *Chronicle*, like Scylla, guards the coast;
There foams Charybdis—in *The Morning Post.*
Mark how they break his rudder, cut his cable,
Tear up plan, diction, sentiment, and fable:
Their order is (an order they enjoy),
To seize, to burn, to sink, and to destroy.

What wond'rous chance our author should survive,
That in such boist'rous seas his bark's alive!
But fond Ambition led the bark along,
And syren Muses tempted with a song:
Fame, like another Circe, beck'ning stood,
Wav'd her fair hand, and bade him brave the flood.
Who could resist, when thus she shew'd her charms,
Sooth'd his fond hopes, and woo'd him to her arms?
Half-rigg'd, half-mann'd, and leaky, as you find,
He trick'd his frigate out, and brav'd the wind.

Your partial favour still may swell his sails,
And fill his vessel with propitious gales:
Tho' pepper'd with small shot, and tempest-toss'd,
You still may land him on this golden coast;
Convinc'd that those the surest path pursue,
Who trust their all to Candour and to you.

THE DEVIL AT MALMAISON;

AN ODE ON ST. NAPOLEON'S DAY,

Being a Parody on Dryden's "Alexander's Feast."

'Twas at a banquet, held at Mulmaison,
By *Great* Napoleon;
Aloft in gaudy state
The fell Usurper sate
Upon his ill-got throne:
His *new-made Lords* around were plac'd,
Their necks with *Legionary Honours* grac'd;
So with wrought hemp should each be brac'd.
Beside him sat his Josephine,
Like a fair wretch whose life has been
Devoted to the Cyprian Queen;
Matchless, matchless, matchless pair;
None more deserve,
None more deserve,
None more deserve Apollyon's *care!*

Discordia, perch'd on high,
Derang'd the Music's strain,
Rend'ring the player's efforts vain;
Notes, diff'ring from their own, reply,
Chaos was come again.—
How strange the song did flow;
Satan, who left the realms below,
Resolv'd to work Creation woe,
Quickly assum'd with ease the form of man:
And seem'd an humble Corsican,
When he the Emp'ror's mother press'd,
And rais'd an image of himself, a torment to the world.
The horrid truths the gaping crowd confound;
Parbleu! diable! soon they shout around,
Parbleu! diable! all the roofs rebound.

Like cat encag'd,
The Monarch rag'd,
His robe he tore,
Then loudly swore———
At length the sounds assuage.—

The joys of murder then their alter'd song inspire:
Of murder ever horrible and dire;
The gloomy chief in triumph comes;
Draw the daggérs, beat the drums;
He comes with silent pace,
Behold his blood-stain'd face!—
Now clash the gory swords; he comes, he comes!—
Murder, horrible and dire,
Treachery did first impart:
Murder here we own a treasure,
Murder is our Emp'ror's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Oh! 'tis sweet to stab the heart.
Rous'd at the sound, the hilt he press'd
Of dagger lurking in his vest,
And oft the Emp'ror look'd around to plunge it in some breast.

Discord perceiv'd the madness rise;
His redd'ning cheeks, his eager eyes;
And while he Heav'n, hell, earth defied,
Soon reduc'd his savage pride.
She chose a theme unkind,
To bring his crimes to mind:
Enghien was sung: in Boulogne wood
By too severe a fate
Murder'd, murder'd, murder'd, murder'd,
A victim to the tyrant's hate,
Because of Bourbon blood;

Robb'd of his crown, and rightful throne,
By him for whom the deed was done;
With his own guiltless blood was stain'd,
That land o'er which he should have reign'd.—
With conscious guilt abash'd the Emp'ror sate,
Revolving in his soul to find
What render'd all his projects vain;
Till happy Britain cross'd his mind,
And madness rose again.—
Delighted Discord views the deed,
And smiles to see her plan succeed;
With other sounds she strikes the lyre,
The rage for conquest to inspire:
Loudly in Tritonian measures
Soon she told of Albion's treasures;
Albion caus'd him endless trouble
Rend'ring all his schemes a bubble;
Ne'er content, tho' ever winning,
Fighting, conqu'ring, and destroying;
Gallia's navy ever thinning,
And the captures rich enjoying;
Albion's charms invite thee over,
Never rest till safe at Dover;——
Brav o," cried Talleyrand, while all accord,
And strive to animate their upstart Lord:
Their Lord, unable to conceal his pain,
Curs'd Albion fair, — — — —
Who caus'd his care,
And vow'd revenge, vow'd revenge,
Vow'd revenge, and vow'd again.
O'erwearied Nature could support no more,
And chok'd with rage he sunk upon the floor.
Now give the trumpet breath again;
Blow louder yet, blow yet a louder strain—

Break his fainting fit asunder,
And let him hear that rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, those dismal moans
Have rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And alarm'd he deeply groans.
Revenge, revenge, Discordia cries,
See what horrors arise!
See, Kleber comes here,
Toussaint too is near,
And Pichegru reveal'd to our eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a crescent in hand,
These are ghosts of the Turks that at Jaffa were slain!
In oblivion the deed
Had for ever been hid;
But thy crimes to proclaim,
And to publish thy shame,
That mercantile crew
The intelligence gave
Abroad to the world, scarce doubting the truth.
Remember how oft thy heart bleeds,
Whene'er they enum'rate thy foul misdeeds!
The Emp'ror in rage, and with furious tone,
Seiz'd his sceptre, and cried, "Fellow soldiers, come on."
His wife he bid to stay,
Lest she should fall a prey,
Then forth he rush'd in haste, and march'd towards Boulogne.

But coward fear,
Soon as fair Albion's cliffs appear,
Assails his alter'd mind;
He dreads the raging adverse wind,

And raging main,
Thinks his invading scheme might shorten much his reign;
He therefore wisely fac'd about,
And issued these his orders out—
" Halt, soldiers, halt; for *we* will not expose
" *Our sacred* life in this affair;
" And being worth *our* care,
" Would rather save it now, and disappoint our foes."
Let Discord here suspend her art,
Or quite resign the crown;
She fir'd with rage his savage heart;
Fear pull'd his courage down.

Lisle-street, Leicester-square. C. S. B.

EXTEMPORE

ON THE LATE NAVAL VICTORY.

Now was the chariot of the heav'ns at rest,
And Sol at ease, reclin'd on Thetis' breast;
Their winged steeds in wearied slumbers lay,
Recalling vigour for expected day;
When, from the South, a glitt'ring light
Reflected o'er the wat'ry main;
The sky this motto bore in letters bright—
" Britannia triumphs once again."

Napoleon's constellation frowning view'd
Britons triumphant, Gallia's fleet subdu'd;
Saw, whilst she proudly scuds the swelling wave,
Cochrane enroll'd amongst th' immortal brave;
With horror struck, the girdled star
Shrunk from the planetary sphere,
And now he curs'd the fate of war,
And damn'd his guilty fear.

London, May 1, 1809. JOHANNES DRINKWATER.

THE ANAGRAM OF "REAL FUN" SOLVED.

PRIMO.

Young folks, while on life's spring they tread,
Pass many a danger without dread;
Nor think what *real fun* they call
May turn into—a *Funeral!*

SECUNDO.

Old folks, who oft have *had* their *fun,*
At length come to their setting sun;
Then, whether *real fun* or not,
A *Funeral* will be their lot.

FINALE.

Both young and old
Ought to be told,
That *real fun* may lose its zest,
If, while they live,
Their mirth they give
To folly, or each idle jest.

"Life is a jest,"
When at the best;
But when it comes unto the fall,
Its end brings on—a *Funeral!*

Bloomsbury, May 1, 1809. W. R.

CHARADE.

My first is merciful and kind;
A King of Wessex for my second find:
My whole's the name of her I love,
All other women far above.

AZELI.

LINES ON THE STAGE.

LET critics vent their venom 'gainst the stage,
(And critics such are found in ev'ry age,)—
Let the rank bigot still his pen employ,
And rail against the public's pride and joy,—
There still is one to venture in its praise,
And sing with rapture in his humble lays
The Stage—'Tis that which gives to passion scope,
Exerts its influence—depictures Hope,
Despair and Madness, and their num'rous train
Of savage brutes, who sacrifice to Gain!
The Stage shews Virtue in its purest style,
Awards to Villainy and damning Guile
Full retribution, scorn, contempt, and hate,
And praises Honour, always good and great.
The Stage oft fills the soul with solemn awe,
And oft enforces meek Religion's law;
Or else, when sadness overcomes the heart,
Teaches the practice of a merrier part;
While music's influence charms the flagging soul,
And varied pleasures in succession roll.
Hail then, thou focus of a nation's pride,
Let wise men praise thee, and let fools deride!

Brighton, April 19, 1809. JOSH. G. MERLE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP-LUTE.

The sister Isles when joyful Union crown'd,
The day to grace, from heav'n Apollo came,
And with him brought an instrument of sound,
Which his own hand had form'd of wond'rous frame;
He touch'd the strings! the tide of rapture flow'd,
To mortal ear was joy ecstatic giv'n;
Then on his fav'rite *Light* the gift bestow'd,
To charm the world—and sought his native Heav'n.

COMICUS.

DEATHS.

MARCH, 1809.—AT SEA.

To Thomas Hudson * Death did say,
" You've not to live another day."
" Let me make my will," says he;
The King replied, " It cannot be."
So when he found Death would not stay,
He *anchor'd* safe at *Hudson's Bay.*

W. S—N.

MAY.

Death, not many days ago,
Took a walk to Cleveland-row,
Enter'd the house of Dr. Blane,
Whose child was lingering there in pain:
" Amelius, come, my dear," quoth he;
And took the boy, whose age was three.
This happen'd on the first of May,
Death being then in need of prey.

12*th May*, 1809, W. S—N.
38, *Upper John-street.*

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 5.

At three o'clock, or near that time,
Died Mrs. Greenwood†, in her prime:
This Lady can no more be seen,
Being clos'd in *wood* that once was *green.*

GRIZZLE.

Lately died at Cheltenham, Mr. George Leycester, Brother unto Hugh, the Recorder of Chester.

At Heathfield, near to Swansea,
Sir Gabriel Powell's Lady.

---

* Commander of the Ceylon East-Indiaman.
† Of Putney.

POETICAL ADVERTISEMENT.

In this Poetic Magazine,
Which every taste must please, I ween,
So universal is the plan,
Now first conceiv'd by Ackermann;
Here he invites each love-lorn maid,
By soothing verse, her charms to aid;
And likewise every amorous youth,
To breathe their strains of love and truth:
The classic scholar too is press'd
To add his beauties to the rest—
Dealers likewise in every trade
Are call'd in this to lend their aid:
Advertisements he'll likewise take;
From those who fortunes wish to make,
Therefore I this submit to view—
With hope to make each promise true.

I keep a warehouse for the Muse,
To furnish rhymes, for all who choose
To come and ask for my assistance,
Tho' near, or at the greatest distance.
The Fortune Hunter who professes
That modesty his mind distresses,
Which will not let him freely tell
How greatly he doth all excel,
May have his num'rous virtues stated,
And at what price he may be mated.

The Doctor, who, to save mankind,
Distracts his brain, and loads his mind,
Till he has found, with wondrous skill,
A blister, bolus, draught, or pill,
Which health and gaiety impart,
To patients and to Doctor's heart;
Apply to me, and he shall find
Advertisements of every kind.

Mechanics too, of every sort,
Had best my Muse's favour court,

Where they may find, tho' new the trade is,
Poetic hand-bills for the ladies:
Likewise Odes, Epigrams, and Songs,
And all which to the art belongs;
Which those who buy may call their own,
The contrary will ne'er be known;
For mine's a Muse of rigid honour,
To all who wish to call upon her;
And secrecy will strict observe
To those her future lays may serve.
For every favour I'm a debtor,
To G. C. M. address each letter,
In Berwick-Street, at 44,
The name of KIDWELL o'er the door;
A Bookseller his business too,
Which all who send will find is true. G. C. M.

RUSSIAN OIL.

To Russian Oil what can compare,
To thicken and preserve the hair?
Use this alone—I speak with truth—
And age shall vie with rosy youth
For beauteous ringlets, fair and gay,
Which never shall be ting'd with grey;
Tho' bald for years, do not despair,—
This Oil shall cause a growth of hair;
Its virtues many know full well,
How all Pomades it doth excel.

And all those ladies, who may choose
False braids and curls alone to use,
By this shall look like nature's own,
The difference to no eye be known.
The sole Proprietor is Prince,
His residenee well known long since;
'Tis John-street, and the number nine,
This Oil is there both pure and fine,
And great allowance there he'll make,
To those who parcels large will take.

John-Street, Oxford-Street.